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The Shape of Things

NOTHING BUT GOOD CAN COME FROM PRIME Minister Churchill's visit to the Kremlin. In the first place, it should go far to allay uneasiness over the failure to date of Britain and the United States to make good their earlier promise to "divert German strength from the attack on Russia." Even more important, the Churchill-Stalin talks have in all likelihood produced the first major plan of military action worked out jointly by the United Nations. This is the beginning of the kind of unified global strategy which must be invoked if the war is to be won. Finally, the Moscow conference serves to intensify the war of nerves which has already produced Nazi jitters in Western Europe. At long last it is the Germans who are obliged to wonder where the enemy will strike. Do the Moscow talks presage an imminent Western front? Possibly. The presence of General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the British Imperial Staff, might point in that direction, since he would command any such operation. The opening of a front in Western Europe, however, would have to come this month or next, and it is hardly likely that if this were in the wind Brooke and Churchill would only now be discussing plans in Moscow. More logical is the prospect of immediate military aid to the Russians in the Caucasus. The presence of General Wavell, British commander in India, Major General Russell Maxwell, United States commander in the Middle East, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force in the Middle East, point strongly in this direction. So does the fact that Russia's position in the south has become so critical that even an allied invasion of northern Norway—most probable of all the proposed second fronts—would fail to avert the gravest threat to an area of supreme importance to all the United Nations.

*

OUR OFFENSIVE IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS appears to have yielded the first major triumph gained by the United States in this war. Although details are not yet available, it is clear that the marines have done more than merely gain a foothold in the Tulagi area. The Japanese are said to have been ousted both from the spacious Tulagi harbor and the nearby airfields. If the

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marines can hold these gains—and there is no reason to doubt that they can—the defensive position of Australia is immeasurably strengthened and the possibilities of offensive action against other advanced Japanese bases are considerably heightened. So far there has been no report on losses, but it is possible from the nature of the fighting that they were extremely heavy. The road to Tokyo is still a long one, but at last we appear to be moving in the right direction.

*

THE EXTENT TO WHICH BIG STEEL BEARS the responsibility for the lag in arms production was brought out clearly last week in testimony before the Truman Committee. It now appears that in addition to resisting expansion of steel production in 1940 and 1941 through the influence of its dollar-a-year men in OPM and WPB, big steel has succeeded in tying up large quantities of important raw materials so that they are unavailable to the smaller companies. Representatives of three small companies testified that their companies were operating at from 67 to 78 per cent of capacity because of their inability to obtain raw materials and alloys from the larger companies. It was also charged that the dollar-a-year men who represent big steel in the WPB have prevented expansion of the steel industry in the vital Pacific Northwest area. The situation is not, of course, a new one. Ever since the United States Steel Corporation was founded by Morgan interests at the turn of the century, it has effectively dominated the steel industry, in time of war as well as peace. With ship and plane production bogging down for lack of steel, this is scarcely an appropriate moment for a general clean-up of the steel industry. But it is vitally important that Mr. Nelson and the WPB have a free hand in drafting a program for remedying the steel shortage free of the influence of men who put their company first and their country second.

*

ANOTHER SERIOUS RESULT OF THE STEEL shortage is the effect it has had on employment in war industries, principally rolling mills and shipyards. No one knows how many workers have been laid off, but the figure runs into many thousands, and it is likely to grow. This is bad enough in itself; what is much worse is the danger that fear of impending unemployment among men now working will tend to demoralize production. Men who feel that their wages will come to an end when present stocks of raw materials are depleted are hardly likely to work at top speed. Yet speed is of the essence, and we must take whatever steps are necessary to get it. Perhaps the answer is to be found in the system, at present in effect in Britain, whereby men are paid for their time even when bombs or shortage of materials keep them from working.

HOPE THAT THE UNSATISFACTORY TAX BILL will be improved by the Senate Finance Committee is rapidly fading. The Treasury proposals for revising the bill have virtually all been discarded. Among the more important of those rejected in the past week were: (1) a plan under which residents of community-property states would have had to pay individual income taxes on the same basis as other citizens; (2) a recommendation calling for the removal of tax exemption on state and municipal bonds; and (3) a suggestion for eliminating percentage depletion allowances in the oil industry which, if accepted, would have yielded $200,000,000 in taxes. It is doubtful whether Senator La Follette's excellent proposals for increasing the levy on excess profits, high incomes, gifts, and estates will even receive formal consideration by the committee. The committee is much more likely to look with favor on the suggestions for a 10 per cent sales tax and a removal of all exemptions from the withholding tax on wages as brought forward by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and supported, in principle, by the National Association of Manufacturers and other business groups. But despite the ballyhoo by such advocates of increased taxes on lower incomes the chances are better than even that the sales tax will be rejected as "dangerous" on the eve of election. In fact, it is highly probable that for political reasons the tax bill will be reported out of committee at least $2,000,000,000 short of the $8,700,000,000 requested by the Treasury. This can mean only one thing: ultimate collapse of the President's anti-inflation program. For unless the excess funds created by war spending are mopped up in one way or another, there is no power on earth sufficiently strong to maintain the present price ceilings.

*

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE Seventy-seventh Congress. Eloquence of sorts has not been lacking in the present House of Representatives, intelligence may be spotted perhaps a little less frequently, and here and there even a degree of courage. But until last week there was small reason to suspect that all three qualities would be displayed on the floor of the House by any one member of the Seventy-seventh. This has come to pass, and the country owes a salute to Representative Elmer J. Holland, Democrat, of Pennsylvania. For many weary months scarcely a day has passed that hasn't seen a Hoffman, a Cox, a Rankin, or one of their fellow-primitives advance to the well of the House to slander the forces supporting the President and a vigorous prosecution of the war. Congressmen who didn't care for this sort of thing simply took a walk or stayed and yawned it out, but they rarely counterattacked. Congressman Holland is made of sterner stuff. In his campaign for election to a regrettably short

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fill-in term he announced: "The fifth column may expect no mercy nor tolerance from me. I want them exposed—those in high places, in the so-called Cliveden sets—as well as the half-cracked tools of Goebbels's propaganda machine." His surgical analysis of the McCormick-Patterson-Patterson press is the rich fulfilment of a brave promise. "You will see that their net effect," he told a cheering House, "is to preach defeatism among our civilians and mutiny among our soldiers, to spread dismay among our allies, and to create joy in the hearts of our enemies. . . . Daily these publishers rub at the morale of the American people. Daily they sow suspicion. Daily they preach that we are a nation of fools led by rascals into a hopeless struggle." Unlike the Dieses and the Coxes, Mr. Holland documents his charges with the greatest care. His devastating use of the direct quotation has reduced the Pattersons, Captain and Cissie, to spluttering "Liar," but beyond that they have nothing to say.

*

FEARS THAT THE SPANISH REFUGEES IN France may be made the price of some dirty Vichy transaction are expressed in a cable from London just received by *The Nation*. According to our informant, the so-called French government is preparing to hand over the Spanish refugees *en masse* either to Hitler or to Franco and the unbelievable crime may be committed at any moment. The report would fit into the recent statement made by Pierre Laval about the number of French prisoners of war that had been released in exchange for French workers sent to Germany. It is revolting enough to see Frenchmen handed back and forth by their government in such a promiscuous slave trade; it would be still worse if some eighty or a hundred thousand refugees who fled into France for sanctuary were thrown into the balance to satisfy the greed of the Nazi buyer. Unhappily the worst must be expected from a regime that came to life under the disgraceful sign of an armistice which among other things sanctioned the delivery to Hitler of the anti-Nazi Germans who had found asylum in France. We should not, therefore, ingenuously appeal to the noble feelings of the French Chief of State or his Premier. We certainly should demand that our government speak very clearly to Ambassador Henri-Haye. He should be told that the further delivery to the hangman of political refugees, be they Spaniards, or Italians, or Germans—would make it impossible to maintain even formal relations with such a gang.

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WE HAVE ALL BEEN LECTURED AT LENGTH by various officials on the necessity of withholding or delaying publication of news that might be of use to the enemy. Officials at Mitchel Field are now being impressed, we imagine, with the even greater necessity of delaying publication of such "news" as the great air marker plot which turns out to have been discovered, and discredited, several months back. As a result of that "scoop" the War Department has reduced its public relations staff in the field and their control has been centralized. Colonel Dache Reeves of the First Ground Air Support Command, who released the aerial pictures of what were presumed to be signs devised by fifth columnists, and Major Lynn Farnol, in charge of public relations at Mitchel Field and formerly a motion-picture press agent, will no doubt be disciplined. We think it would be almost enough to make them read aloud to each other the original wide-eyed account in the New York *Times* of the "deadly guide posts":

> From the air, the innocent looking old pathway and the newly made "V" formed a perfect arrow which pointed dead at an Eastern air base. The "V" in this and another picture does not stand for victory, but means sabotage, the Army pointed out.

The "V," as every knows by now, was a feeding station for those famous fliers, the birds, who are, many of them, foreigners, but have never been known to carry bombs.

*

POLITICAL WAR IS HITLER'S SPECIALTY. HE has developed it to a point of extreme precision and has geared its strategy smoothly into that of the military war. At all stages of his campaign for the extermination of democracy—from Austria and Spain to the present struggle in the Middle East—he has out-maneuvered his enemies. Not only have his own tactics been bold and forehanded; he has been able to count on the unreadiness of the democratic nations: their reluctance to deal with the struggle in political terms, their ineptness in political fighting, their outright betrayal of their own case. Since long before September, 1939, *The Nation* has stressed the political character of the war and urged the necessity of using political weapons to win it. Today, politically speaking, this country is just beginning to fight. For our delays and our stubborn attempts at appeasement we shall all pay a bitter price. But gradually the people of the United States are beginning to realize that ultimate victory will depend upon our capacity, politically as well as in the field, to snatch the initiative and use it for a relentless offensive. As a contribution to this effort—to help bring the facts before the public and make their meaning clear—*The Nation* will launch next month a new weekly section on political war to be directed by our Contributing Editor, J. Alvarez del Vayo. The full announcement of the section appears on the last page of this issue. Here we want only to express our confidence that the new venture will greatly increase the value of this journal as a weapon in the fight for a democratic victory, and our satisfaction in adding to the active staff of *The Nation* a journalist of such profound experience in the political struggle as Mr. del Vayo.

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The Indian Dilemma

THE deadlock between Britain and India imperils one important sector, both political and military, of the battle line of the United Nations. It is from this point of view—which places victory over the Axis above all other considerations—that the issue must be judged and a solution pressed. And from this point of view the attitudes and actions of both the British government and the Congress Party seem unreasonable and unrealistic.

The Churchill government looks upon India as part of the Empire and as a vital link in its military defenses against the Axis. Though it has said that, after the war, India will have the "fullest opportunity for attainment . . . of complete self-government," it maintains that India's demand for independence cannot be granted now, because a shift in government would involve at least temporary chaos and, far more important, because the Indians are not themselves united and the country might be plunged into a civil war between Hindu and Moslem. This may make sense from the cautious military point of view. What the Churchill government refuses to realize, as far as India is concerned, is that this is not only a military but a political war and that to meet the Indian demand for freedom and Gandhi's civil disobedience campaign with arrests and other forms of repression was a major strategic blunder.

As for the attitude of the Congress party, there could scarcely be a more vivid and convincing statement of it than is contained in the article by Louis Fischer on Page 145. We sympathize with the Indian nationalists; we can even understand why, to them, the British repression they know at first hand is far more real than the Japanese oppression they have not yet experienced. But our sympathy does not blind us, as their bitterness blinds them, to the cold fact that an Axis victory would not only end India's chances for independence but destroy the freedom of the rest of the world.

These two attitudes are, unfortunately, the fruit of more than 150 years of British-Indian relationship and therefore not subject to easy or speedy change from within either camp. For that reason it is all the more essential that the allies of Britain bring pressure on both sides for a settlement which shall take account of the enormous military and political stakes involved.

Chiang Kai-shek and President Roosevelt are in excellent position to point out to the British that India's demand for independence has become a test of the good faith of the United Nations; and to convince the Indian nationalists that something less than absolute and immediate independence is infinitely preferable to Japanese rule.

Mr. Fischer is convinced that Gandhi, in spite of the arrests and riots, is still willing, as he was before he began his campaign, to accept the form of independence with a reliable promise of the content. Gandhi has rivals to the claim to speak for all of nationalist India, but it seems likely that if he and the British government could arrive at an agreement, he could command sufficient support to bring about a minimum unity, particularly between the Mohammedans and Hindus, which is essential to Indian self-government.

To the disinterested person there seems no reason why the British government should not at this moment formally offer India its independence not "after the war" but on a fixed date. Given a specific promise, morally guaranteed by the United Nations, Indian nationalists would, we feel sure, be willing to participate in a provisional government until a constitutional convention could be called.

Such a settlement would insure the whole-hearted participation of Indians in the war; it would be a tremendous stimulant to anti-Nazi feeling and action throughout the world. Indeed we can think of no single event which would be worse news to the Axis—and to those covert anti-British isolationists who are currently showing such ill-concealed glee over the "tragedy" of India.

The Trendless Primaries

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE general tenor of editorial comment on last week's primaries was philosophical. The results, we were asked to believe, were inconclusive and proved nothing. Both isolationists and interventionists were elected; incumbents were generally returned. In many instances issues other than the war governed the decision. The control of the local machine, the record of the candidate as a party man, the resentment of voters against interference from outside the district—all these factors had to be considered in judging the significance of the results. After all, if Hamilton Fish and William B. Barry were nominated in New York, Martin L. Sweeney was defeated in Ohio. So what conclusion could one draw?

The New York *Times* on Sunday carried a feature story headed Primaries Showed No Trend, in the course of which the writer summarized his conclusions in the following words:

> Local issues, and especially the effectiveness and efficiency of a Congress member in handling the problems and complaints of his constituents, appear to be of more concern to voters than the question of his prewar stand on foreign policy and his attitude on the conduct of the war.

This sort of comment was typical, not exceptional. And

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to my mind it betrays a political innocence altogether frightening in the context of the world situation.

Just consider, for a moment, the state of mind of Dr. Goebbels when he reads, first the election returns, and then a statement such as that quoted above. He finds the electorate of this fighting democracy recording its bland indifference to the attitude of its chosen representatives on the war and American foreign policy. Had a candidate supported the President and backed measures insuring aid to Britain and preparedness for the United States? Okay; fine. He's nominated—provided the local machine is behind him and his party record is unsullied. Was a candidate on record as opposing lend-lease, hating Britain, insisting that America had no legitimate interest in the war before Pearl Harbor? Had he been a friendly visitor to Berlin in 1939? Had he supported the Christian Front? Well, what of it? He's nominated, too, and the voters are pleased with their demonstration of indifference to all foreign influences. They didn't need Wendell Willkie to tell them how to nominate their Congressman. Voting-as-usual—in a summer when the very existence of this nation may hang on the sort of government we choose to lead us through the months and years of agony ahead. I think Goebbels had a right to smile at "trendless" elections last Tuesday.

But, even more, he would have been justified in issuing a typical sneering commentary on the American commentaries on those elections. When so few of our leading political writers find anything disturbing in a primary in 1942 in which local issues and party regularity decide the outcome, in which the greatest issues that face the nation are ignored or, where they play any role, are as likely to sway the vote one way as the other—this is an even more painful revelation of the political mind of America. The ordinary citizen can hardly be blamed for voting an isolationist into office as long as his act is casually dismissed as an accidental result of local conditions carrying no political significance.

Wendell Willkie said what had to be said after the nomination of Fish. "For the sake of both the country and the Republican Party," he announced, "the fight for his elimination must continue." This is the attitude that should direct all political effort between now and November. Persons like Willkie in both parties must pool their political fortunes to elect a Congress that understands the nature of the war and the urgency of the national crisis. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country—and, if necessary, to toss their party overboard. The primaries which "showed no trend" must be wiped out by an election which produces a landslide in favor of an aggressive, democratic war and foreign policy.

What was it Fish said about insisting on an active commission when the war started?

Gandhi's Rejected Offer

BY LOUIS FISCHER

YOU can, if you wish, say: We are engaged in a difficult war; the Indian nationalists and Gandhi are making trouble for us; therefore down with Gandhi. But that doesn't help you to understand the Indian situation. You have to look at it, first, from the Indian's angle of vision.

India is a miserably poor, hungry, retarded country. Most Indians are half-starved and three-fourths naked. I have known Russia and Eastern Europe in their worst years. They were paradise compared to India today. The population of India is increasing at the rate of five million each year. Between 1931 and 1941, according to the British census, the population rose 50 million; it is now 393 million. But the agricultural and industrial output of India does not show anywhere near such a growth. Although India is 95 per cent rural and much of the added population therefore lives in villages, the area under cultivation scarcely varies. It was 229 million acres in 1930-31, 228 million in 1932-33, 232 million in 1933-34, 226 million in 1934-35, 227 million in 1935-36, and 231 million in 1936-37, the last year officially recorded. Nor has the yield per acre risen sharply. Indeed, the yield per acre in wheat, tea, groundnuts, an important Indian crop, and linseed has dropped. Of industry, the official Fiscal Commission says: "The development has not been commensurate with the size of the country, its population, and its natural resources." The Indians I spoke to blamed this on the British government's policy of deliberately impeding Indian industry lest it compete with goods made in England.

The poverty and stagnation of India are the background against which the present crisis must be seen. The Bombay Journalists' Association invited me to talk to them. I said I would sit down with them and try to answer their questions. In response to one question I made a pro-war statement saying that if the fascists won the war my world would be black or dead. A journalist stood up and exclaimed: "Yes, but for us Indians there is no difference between British fascism and Japanese or German fascism."

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"Now look," I replied. "England is not fascist. It is very democratic, and more democratic today than before the war. I know you do not like the terror and repression in India. But you could not hold a meeting such as this if you were under Japanese or German control. Since my arrival in your country," I continued, "almost every third person I meet tells me he has been in jail. I have lived many years in Russia and Germany. In those countries you do not meet people who have been in jail. They *are* in jail. And many of them are shot."

"The British," another Indian journalist rejoined, "do not bother shooting us. They kill us. When a child is born in India it can expect to live 27 years. In England the life expectancy is 55." These are correct census data. Of every 100 persons born in India, 45 die before the age of 5. The infant mortality in Bombay is 274 per thousand compared to 66 in London. Such figures, plus real suffering, burn deep resentment, hatred, and disloyalty into the soul of India. British rule is an ever-present, unpleasant, close reality to Indians and it often obstructs their vision. They see the world and the war through the thick veil of British domination. That means that they may not see the world and the war at all. They see the British and want to get rid of them.

Indians point to Japan, which started its modern life in 1861 and speedily became a powerful nation. They contend that England has had 150 years to develop India but has not done so. "We have given India tranquillity and order," the British argue. "It is the tranquillity and order of the cemetery," Gandhi said to me. The British empire has made no great effort to convert India into a modern, flourishing, mighty country. That would have spelled the end of the British empire.

All subject peoples dislike their rulers. In India, the dislike is profound. This old dislike has recently been intensified by a new contempt born of British reverses in Hong Kong, Malay, Singapore, and Burma. They shook and shocked India. The sinking of the "Prince of Wales" and the "Repulse" made a terrific impression.

In my talks with Indians they often alluded, peculiarly enough to the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5. It was the first time, they said, that a colored race defeated a white race, and it gave a tremendous fillip, people told me, to the Indian nationalist movement. But that was thirty-seven years ago, before Indian nationalism had matured under Gandhi's influence. It was fought far from India. Hong Kong, Malay, Singapore, and Burma, on the other hand, are under the very nose of India and important to its safety. Indian soldiers fought and died or were captured in those strategic areas. Out of them 500,000 Indian refugees trekked back to India bringing tales, part true, part exaggerated, of British discrimination in favor of white refugees and against Indian refugees. The Axis radio played up these "atrocities."

Hostility towards the British rose still higher. British prestige had never been so low. "Can England defend India?" Indians asked, "or will it be as unsuccessful in holding India as it was in holding the adjacent territories?" Delight over British defeats mingled with fear of invasion. Indians wished to make a greater contribution to the protection of their country. "But how could we do so in partnership with our British oppressors?" they argued. "Shall we fight for democracy in Germany and Japan when we are not a democracy ourselves?" Churchill has explicitly stated that the Atlantic Charter does not apply to India. Many Indians felt that if Japan conquered India they would merely be exchanging an occupying power they did not know for an occupying power they had known for 150 years and hated profoundly. Free men who do not understand the emotions of colonial peoples may think this attitude foolish; but it certainly exists. "If England will not give us independence now when it is in distress," Indians said to me, "why should we believe it will grant it after the war?"

This was the political climate of India early in 1942. The spirit of Chinese and Russian resistance was (and is) entirely lacking in India. London knew that something had to be done—and quickly. Sir Stafford Cripps, new member of the War Cabinet, was accordingly rushed out to New Delhi, in March, 1942, to negotiate with Indian political parties. Cripps failed. The Congress party, as well as the Moslem League, as well as the old liberals, as well as the ultra-nationalist Hindu Mahasabha, rejected his offer. He had come out to improve a situation. When he failed, the situation deteriorated.

That is the genesis of Gandhi's latest civil disobedience movement. Shortly after the collapse of the Cripps talks, Gandhi announced his "British Must Go" demand. He told me that it came to him suddenly in the night as he lay in his bed under the stars in Sevagram village. This total and unreasonable demand was a spontaneous, instinctive reaction to the fresh demonstration of British military inferiority in the Far East and to the dashing of many fond hopes aroused by the Cripps mission.

However, followers and friends argued with Gandhi and convinced him, and after a brief period he announced publicly that he had altered his views. "Abrupt withdrawal of the Allied troops might result in Japan's occupation of India and China's sure fall," he wrote in his weekly magazine. Therefore, British and American armed forces, Gandhi declared, could stay in India and use India as a base for military operations.

"But Mr. Gandhi," I remarked when he said this to me, "armies do not exist in a vacuum. They need smooth-running railroads, for instance."

"They could run the railroads," he replied immediately. "They could police the docks."

Gandhi is too wise not to understand that in time of war, the military authorities must penetrate into fields

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that are normally civilian. He knows therefore that Indian independence, if granted today, would be only limited independence. Were the British to yield to nationalist pressure and transfer political power to a coalition of Indian parties, a great deal of power would still remain in the hands of the British or be shared by them with their fighting allies. In such circumstances, there could be no chaos. Gandhi is interested in obtaining the form of independence. Temporarily, he would be satisfied with a minimum of content.

The British government saw Gandhi openly whittle down his demands. It saw he was conciliatory. It made no move to conciliate him.

In many talks and walks with me, Gandhi elaborated on his plans for the civil disobedience campaign. Once I asked him whether he was dead set on launching this movement of passive resistance to the British or whether somebody might induce him to give it up. "You say," I probed, "that you do not wish to harm China and Russia. Suppose your friends in China and Russia appealed to you not to start the campaign?"

"Let them appeal to me," Gandhi exclaimed. "I might be dissuaded. If you have access to men in authority you should tell them this."

"Have I your sanction to say this to the Viceroy?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "you have my permission. Let them talk to me and I may be converted. I am a reasonable man."

Before my departure from Sevagram village, Mahadev Desai, paunchy, smiling, fifty-year old private secretary of the Mahatma, urged me to try and arrange an interview between Gandhi and the Viceroy of India, Lord Linlithgow.

Soon thereafter, I was received by the Viceroy in his great palace at New Delhi. He knew I had just come from a week's stay with Gandhi. I told him that Gandhi was in a conciliatory mood and not at all intransigent. I sketched the possible outlines of a settlement, basing my statements on Gandhi's own words. I intimated to the Viceroy that it might be helpful if he would discuss these matters with a Congress leader. The Viceroy, however, regarded such discussions as a question of high policy which would have to be decided on its merits. He did not invite Gandhi or any other Indian nationalist, and the preparations for the civil disobedience movement consequently took their course.

That was in June. Gandhi nevertheless procrastinated until August. He was waiting and hoping that some leader of the United Nations would mediate between India and England. He wrote a letter to President Roosevelt. He said to me: "Tell your President that I wish to be dissuaded." Gandhi was ready, and is ready, to bargain. He wrote to Chiang Kai-shek. His letter is most revealing. It has not yet been published, but I obtained a copy from a Chinese source. "My appeal to the British power to withdraw from India," Gandhi informed the Chinese leader, "is not meant in any shape or form to weaken India's defense against the Japanese or embarrass you in your struggle. India must not submit to any aggressor or invader and must resist him. I would not be guilty of purchasing the freedom of my country at the cost of your country's freedom. That problem does not arise before me as I am clear that India cannot gain her freedom this way, and a Japanese domination of either India or China would be equally injurious to the other country and to world peace. That domination must therefore be prevented, and I should like India to play her natural and rightful role in this. I feel that India cannot do this while she is in bondage."

Gandhi's letter to Chiang not only shows that he is anti-Japanese. It shows that he deeply comprehends why he, as an Indian nationalist, *must* be anti-Japanese and pro-Chinese. But as an Indian nationalist, he is also anti-British. Remove the cause of his anti-British sentiment, and he and million of followers will become actively anti-Japanese and pro-Chinese. Parenthetically it should be stated that Gandhi, despite his pacifism, recruited soldiers for the British army in the last world war. (He thought the reward would be Indian independence.) He might again support a war.

That is the position. Instead of talking to Gandhi, the British arrest him. Now reports come from India that the riots and disorders are being quelled. This probably creates the impression that Gandhi's civil disobedience movement is abortive. But Gandhi never wanted riots and disorders. He warned against them. He asked for closing of stores, abstention from work, refusal to pay taxes, private manufacture of salt, and, in general, non-cooperation. On this, we have few reports.

It is too early to judge. One thing is certain: the imprisonment of Gandhi, Nehru, and the other Indian leaders, and the civil disobedience campaign will not make Indians more pro-British or more pro-war. But that is our problem. It is an urgent war problem for all the United Nations which are now faced with a catastrophic military situation throughout the Middle East. In the vast area between the Caucasus, Cairo, and Calcutta, disaster awaits us. India is the strategic and spiritual pivot of that region. Somebody must act informally, courageously, and quickly. The only such somebody is President Roosevelt. He must simply bring the British government to a point where it will talk to Gandhi. Gandhi could talk in prison. He doesn't mind. He has done it before. He is very religious and he forgives.

[*In an early issue Louis Fischer will contribute an article on the Cripps mission to India and the reasons for its failure.*]

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Shipyards and U-Boats

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE Battle of the Atlantic has now reached a stage where sinkings offer a threat roughly equivalent to that of World War I when Jellicoe admitted to Admiral Sims, "They will win unless we can stop the sinkings and stop them quickly."

Fortunately the cases are not in all respects parallel. In 1917 England was facing starvation through loss of shipping. Replacements of new ships were a very small proportion of losses and no successful means of defense against U-boats had yet been devised. Today the greatest building program known to history is resulting in vast numbers of new launchings and methods of countering the submarine have been steadily developed. The real threat now is the continued heavy loss of shipping needed to carry supplies to the Allies and transport men and equipment for a second front in Europe. The vast production lines of our factories are useless unless their output reaches the scene of battle. Whereas in 1917 the problem was holding off German victory, the danger today is that the submarine may prevent the United Nations from seizing an opportunity of winning the war. We were able to weather successfully our first great crisis when active United States naval intervention in the Atlantic a year ago helped the British avoid starvation, but we are now in serious danger of failing to meet the second at a time, ironically, when the German submarine campaign is especially vulnerable.

From the relatively limited area west of the British Isles which Nazi submarines were harassing fifteen months ago, their field of operation has been extended until they are striking down victims in seas as far removed from each other as the South Atlantic and the mouth of the St. Lawrence. But by far the best hunting grounds have been our Atlantic coastal waters, the Caribbean and the last stretches of the northern supply line to Russia. Even the methods of the hunters have changed. Fast submarines are quite capable of running down and torpedoing the slower merchant ships. In most cases night rather than day is selected in order to obtain greater immunity from aerial patrol planes. Engineering improvements have made possible long stays in American waters without need of refueling. There are quite possibly secret bases maintained by Axis sympathizers in Gulf or Caribbean waters and these are doubly important in that they may both furnish a resting place for submarine crews and give information of ship sailings.

The comparative absence of criticism of our navy on the part of the public may be due to some realization of the task it faces. A fleet adequate for one ocean has suddenly been given important duties in four. Even for essential tasks the ships have been spread far too thin. They have protected convoys to Australia, Great Britain, the Middle East, and Russia, losing heavily only along the last-named route. Elsewhere—and this has included the Atlantic coastal shipping lanes—naval policy has had to be one of frankly "taking it" while affording all protection possible. Unfortunately, "taking it" in the western Atlantic could be strategically sound only so long as the activity of U-boats remained a nuisance rather than a major threat to the winning of the war. But with losses actually getting out of control, Hitler's front along our coast can dominate possibilities everywhere else.

It is hardly necessary to say that our naval leaders have been extremely slow in perceiving the importance of the coastal shipping lanes and in recognizing the dynamic possibilities for Germany in this new front. The guarded but optimistic pronouncements made at intervals by Secretary Knox can only be likened in their complete inaccuracy and misinterpretation of the true situation to Mr. Hoover's assurances that prosperity was just around the corner.

Even the Associated Press toll of over 400 sinkings between January and August does not convey a complete picture of the situation. It does not take into account heavy losses on the convoy route to Russia, not officially revealed by our navy. Nor does it include ships damaged or even *all* of those destroyed. In every month but one during this period, the sinkings represented an increase over those of the preceding month.

The navy has been commendably frank in giving loss figures of merchant tonnage but few persons visualize what these losses mean. Instead of making material progress toward building up the 17 million tons of *additional* ships which the joint board a year ago viewed as being necessary to support a full-sized A. E. F., we are no further ahead in the ability to transport a large expeditionary force than we were a year ago. Losses, outweighing the shipbuilding miracles of our Kaisers, have prevented adequate maintenance of existing fronts. Several months ago Admiral Vickery stated that tonnage was less than 50 per cent adequate to fulfill existing commitments.

Losses alone do not furnish a fair basis for criticizing a naval administration facing unprecedented problems. Nor do we know all the facts concerning the measures for defense adopted by the services. But those facts

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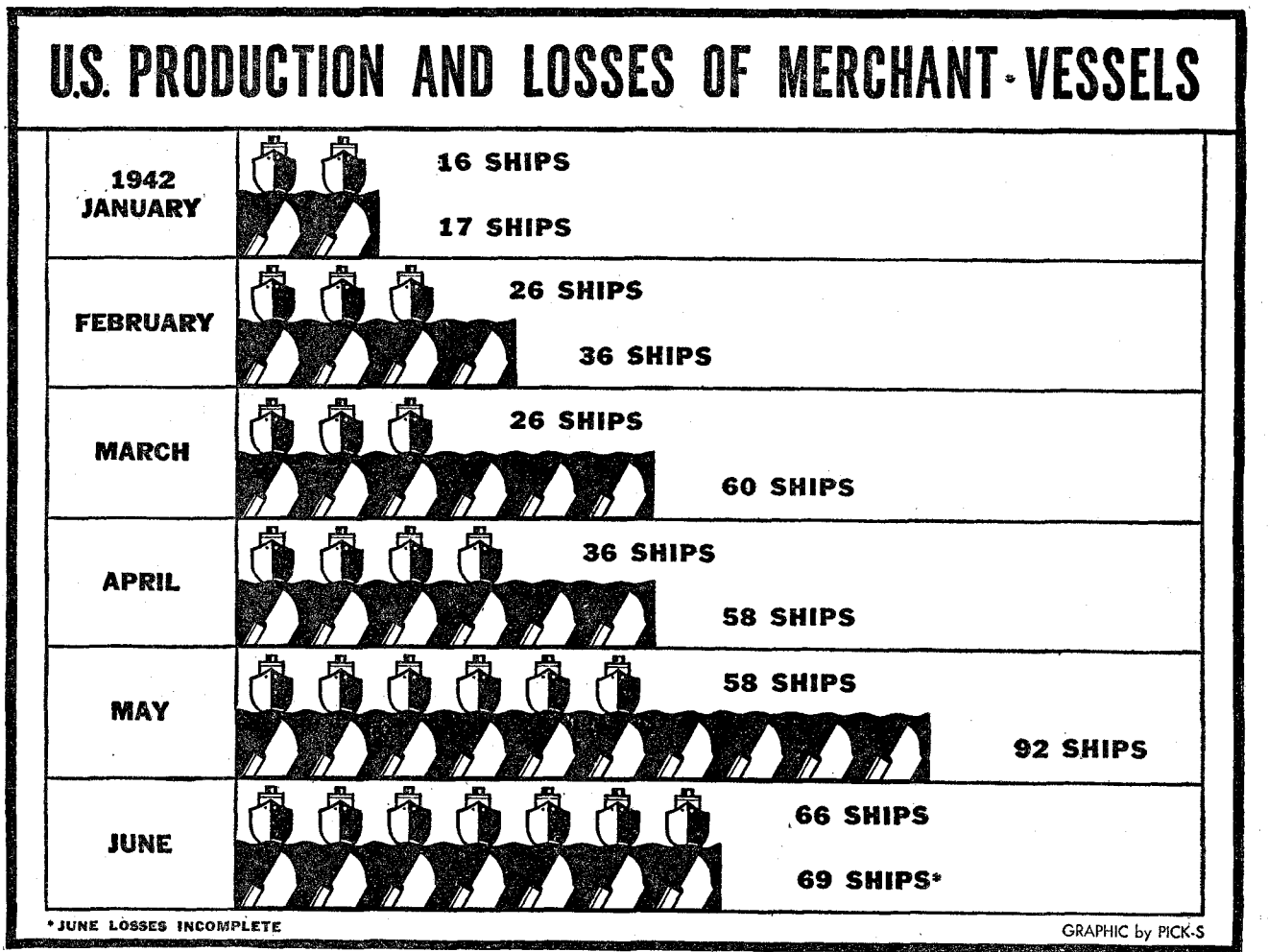
known are not comforting. Months passed before the navy "got tough" with merchant skippers and insisted on careful fulfillment of regulations. Convoys were not instituted until mid-May and are not in use now in many areas. Very recently the navy has appealed for small ships of all kinds but as late as mid-June it was rejecting many private boats as unsuitable. The perfectionism of the admirals, commendable under most circumstances, has delayed the turning out of anti-submarine vessels in sufficient quantities, and some service die-hards are still opposing the construction of blimps. Newspapermen traveling on patrol vessels have reported that the Pearl Harbor brand of cooperation is still prevalent among the diverse defense groups which play a part in the Battle of the Atlantic. While such indications as we have are necessarily incomplete, they suggest the need of a legislative check-up. One Washington columnist reported a private presidential investigation into this field. The House of Commons has even gone into secret session to consider the seriousness of shipping losses.

What is being done to meet the problem? The R. A. F. has been pecking continually at shipyards and submarine bases all through the war. So far these raids have been no more than a temporary nuisance to the enemy. The management of shipping has been greatly improved, with non-essentials nearly eliminated, better use made of space, and radical reduction in delays. More planes, blimps, and surface patrol vessels are being put into service though progress here has been lamentably slow. The technical means of combating submarines have kept pace with the submarines' offensive development. Strongly escorted convoys are still hard to attack. Recently the British and Canadian navies have been lending ships formerly used in British waters, where sinkings have nearly ceased. But so far all this concentration of force has succeeded only in causing enemy submarines to shift to less defended locations to the north or south. The continued increase in sinkings in the face of greater resistance can indicate only steady augmentation of the number of enemy U-boats.

Since an effective answer to this problem is a prerequisite to victory elsewhere, it must be found—and quickly. Until the ratio between replacements and losses swings strongly in our favor, progress made in shipbuilding is quite meaningless. We must therefore either master the submarine or devise other means of getting materials to the battlefront. And we have no time to waste.

Most students of the American navy believe it will be able to put an end to German submarine warfare as soon as much greater defense forces of sea and air are



A comparison of United States shipbuilding and losses of the United Nations in the West Atlantic waters. During the second week of July, losses off our eastern coast were the heaviest since the beginning of the war.

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made available. Because reinforcements will require a fairly long time, we should not depend upon them as the sole answer. Commercial submarines have been urged by a few, notably Simon Lake, the inventor. The air freighter has many more friends. However, tremendous obstacles will impede our achievement of a commercial fleet of airplanes of sufficient radius to bridge the Atlantic in hops. The airplane has not yet reached a stage of development enabling it to carry 70-ton tanks and rolling stock. The three to five years regarded as necessary by many aviation men is also a stumbling block, though some industrialists believe this time could be reduced 75 per cent. The availability of raw materials is only now being considered. Nevertheless, Germany has demonstrated conclusively the practicability of air transport of many kinds of military equipment. Airplanes are quicker, operate in a more widely distributed element than ships, and, at least for the moment, are far safer. In proportion to cost of materials they have a greater carrying capacity though a much briefer lifetime. We must be ready to take advantage of developments in this field. The recent "go ahead" sign flashed to Kaiser is encouraging but hardly sufficient to meet an extremely critical problem.

Keep Them Out!

VII. C. WAYLAND BROOKS OF ILLINOIS

BY DALE KRAMER AND SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS

WHEN Colonel Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune,* sits down to eat he tries to calculate what effect the food will have on his energy and disposition. Then he tries to figure out what result the meal, through him, will have on the course of world events. No dinner has yet caused the earth to stop and revolve in the opposite direction, but it is certain that half a dozen bad oysters in the Colonel's stomach on Wednesday will cause Senator C. Wayland Brooks to gyrate rapidly in Washington on Thursday. For the conduct of the junior Senator from Illinois, who is now campaigning for his first full-term election, coincides remarkably with the Colonel's wishes. *The Tribune's* Washington staff prepares the Senator's speeches and *Tribune* reporters "covering" Brooks's downstate tours hand out campaign literature to the local papers. Illinois voters are familiar with the relationship and consequently McCormick and the *Tribune* will, in a sense, come before the electorate this fall.

Brooks as a campaigner has several important advantages. His disruptive efforts before Pearl Harbor and his perfunctory flag-waving ever since are bound to be offset in the public mind by the fact that he was a bona-fide hero in World War I. As a freshman at the University of Illinois he joined the Marines, and he returned, with a string of citations, on a stretcher. During the decade in which he has sought public office his campaign managers have not permitted voters to forget his war record. The one other major asset promoted by his campaign managers is his oratory. His style has always been rather affected and he has never quite risen to the advance notices, but he is not bad as rhetoricians go.

Against these qualifications is a certain over-smoothness. Brooks has the slick appearance of an oil operator or a political contractor, which the average voter does not like. He has a round, heavy, puckered face capped with tight curls which look as though they are held down with a patent hair concoction. Inevitably his campaign managers have presented him as "Curly" Brooks.

After World War I Brooks went back to college, emerged as a lawyer, and was appointed to the staff of State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, who did not fail to see the advantage in obtaining the support of a young campaigner with a collection of war medals. Brooks soon found himself called on to fill hundreds of speaking engagements. At the same time he specialized in cases involving forgers, embezzlers, and bank robbers. The bankers were pleased with his work, and they interceded to save his job when Cook County elected a new state's attorney.

Brooks's public career almost ended before it was well under way when he was mysteriously suspended in 1927. The facts are not a matter of public record, but it is known that United States prohibition agents, delving into the Chicago liquor situation, held him for questioning at about that time. A year later he reappeared as a part-time member of the staff of the state's attorney.

Brooks's big opportunity came in 1930 when Colonel McCormick was tearing up and down the countryside in an effort to find the murderer of Jake Lingle, a *Tribune* reporter. McCormick tied in his manhunt with "the freedom of the press" and the *Tribune's* front page screamed that Lingle was killed because he "knew too much" about Chicago affairs. Chicagoans are certain that he did

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know a great deal, perhaps more than he should have. Lingle, it seems, received a salary of $60 a week from the *Tribune,* but when he met his death in the crowded tunnel of a suburban railroad station, he had to his credit a $60,000 bank account. In addition, he had a joint stock account of $100,000 with Chief of Police William Russell, who resigned shortly after the murder, and four other brokerage accounts as well. His scale of living was on the luxurious side. The common belief is that he served as Capone's payoff man in dealing with crooked city and police officials. Insiders knew him as the "unofficial chief of police."

Six months after the murder a St. Louis hoodlum named Leo Brothers was picked up in Chicago by investigators for the state's attorney. He was held incommunicado for two weeks in the Congress Hotel, until a chambermaid saw him chained to a door and reported it. Brothers was finally charged with Lingle's murder, and Brooks served as prosecutor, assisted by Charles F. Rathbun, member of the firm of Kirkland, Fleming, Greene, and Martin, counsel for the *Tribune.* No effort was made to show motivation for the murder. Some witnesses said they saw Brothers at the scene of the crime; others declared that he was not the man.

Brothers was convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to 14 years in prison—the lightest sentence possible under the law. McCormick did not appear seriously disappointed by this easy treatment of the convicted killer of his crusading reporter. Nor did he object when Brothers was paroled after serving eight years. And McCormick is a famous objector. Brothers, who was in possession of a letter from Lingle's mother stating her belief that Brothers was not the murderer, charged that he had been framed by Brooks and the *Tribune.* The readiness with which Illinois, and particularly Chicago, voters accepted this view proved Brooks's greatest political handicap before his isolationist career in Congress.

A year after the Brothers conviction Brooks made his first essay in state politics as Republican candidate for state treasurer. Despite his promoters' delusion that he was a spellbinder, his stew of platitudes proved no more palatable to the voters than that of other Republicans in 1932, and he was overwhelmed. He tried again in 1934, this time for congressman-at-large, and the result was the same. Nevertheless, when the next election rolled around the *Tribune* pronounced Brooks the only man capable of turning the state against Roosevelt, and he was made the G. O. P. choice for governor. Again he lost. The electorate simply did not like Brooks.

Despite this dismal record, the party continued to back him, and in 1940 he tried for the Senate seat left vacant by the death of James Hamilton Lewis. It was to be his first victory but hardly one to give comfort. The Republican candidate for governor, Dwight Green, won with a majority of 200,000 votes, while Brooks, despite a whirlwind campaign and the *Tribune's* fulsome support, crashed through with a bare margin of 15,000 out of a total of 4,000,000 votes. And political wiseacres explained that Green had carried him in.

Brooks's record in the Senate is what might have been expected of Colonel McCormick's man. He fought and voted against lend-lease, against seizure of foreign ships in our ports, and against arming merchant ships, and he dodged the vote on extending the draft. He was a major America First Committee speaker and a supporter of Charles A. Lindbergh. "I've said all along I wanted Britain to win," Brooks told an America First audience. "I wish I knew I was right in wanting that to happen, because she didn't do a very good job with her victory last time." "The draft," he said on another occasion, "only causes confusion. Roosevelt wants to throw us into fear of attack from abroad and lay the foundations for changing American government and drafting industry."

C. Wayland Brooks

Other statements followed in kind: the Axis powers had no designs on the United States and Roosevelt wanted war for his own aggrandizement. Brooks's speech entitled "This Is Not Our War" was mailed from Washington the day before Pearl Harbor. Illinoisians opened the franked letters the day after the Japanese attack, the day Germany and Italy declared war on the United States, and the impression it left can hardly be helpful to the Brooks career.

On domestic issues Brooks presents the views of McCormick, though, with an eye on his constituents, he hedges wherever possible by avoiding direct votes. Since entering the Senate he has been present at little more than half the roll calls.

It is no credit to Brooks that he is admired by such notorious pro-fascists as Newton Jenkins, who in his news sheet, the *Prairie State Republican,* made public an exchange of letters in which Brooks had written: "I do want you to know that I appreciate your constructive suggestions and the many fine things you have done for me in the past and that you are now doing. At the very first opportunity I hope you and I will be able to sit down and discuss plans for the fall campaign." Jenkins has made no effort to conceal his admiration for Hitler and Mussolini. His propaganda is best illustrated by the plank of his program which reads: "I will take these Jewish refugees and their cheap noisy false mongering

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stooges and drive them back into the countries from whence they come, to face the music at the hands of those governments which now await them. Any who refuse to go back will face worse treatment here."

The Chicagoans recently indicted for sedition were fervid supporters of Brooks—and he never repudiated their support. Mrs. Grace O'Keefe, secretary of Elizabeth Dilling's organization, told a reporter for the Chicago *Daily News* that Brooks had sent regrets that he was unable to attend a recent peace conference of the group and asked her "to set a date for a later time."

The campaign is now getting into full swing, and it promises to be a rough one. McCormick is up against opponents of his own size. The *Sun,* while it hasn't the punch originally expected of it, reaches a wide audience. The New Deal *Daily Times* and the Republican *Daily News* are likewise working hard for Brooks's defeat.

Some of the manufactured stories for which the *Tribune* has long been notorious have done Colonel McCormick's man considerable harm. This spring the *Tribune* carried a headline, "Brooks Leads Entire Senate in Mail Volume." The *Daily News* put its Washington staff to work on the story. It developed that Brooks—a loud shouter for economy—had franked out 400,000 form circulars to Illinois farmers suggesting that they check farm bulletins they desired and mail the forms back to him. On another occasion a story headed "United Support Given Brooks by 16 Congressmen" appeared in the *Tribune.* The item stated that at a dinner of the Illinois delegation Brooks's colleagues had "indicated" their support of his campaign for reelection. A rival paper got in touch with twelve who had attended the dinner. They all denied supporting Brooks and added that the campaign had not been mentioned at the meeting.

Brooks's Democratic opponent is Representative Raymond S. McKeough, an amiable New Dealer who unfortunately lacks fire and color. It is widely believed that the Chicago Kelly-Nash machine has made a deal with McCormick, whereby it will pull its punches in the campaign in exchange for future *Tribune* support. McKeough, though not personally a Kelly-Nash man, was backed by the machine in the primaries and the connection will not help him downstate. His election will depend on the size of his majority in Chicago; and for that reason the failure of the Kelly-Nash forces to get out their top vote would be a serious blow.

Illinois political observers believe that at present Brooks may hold a slight edge. McKeough's chances to come through depend on the forcefulness with which he blasts Brooks—and McCormick. The *Tribune* is read out of habit and for its comics. Its editorial policy is not liked and never has been. If McKeough is able to show that the issue is McCormick versus the people, McCormick's man Brooks will be eased out of the Senate.

In the Wind

ALABAMA has for several weeks been the scene of a dispute over the President's order against barring Negroes from jobs in war industries. The man fighting the government's case is John Beecher, grand nephew of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Opposing him is Frank M. Dixon, governor of the state and nephew of Thomas Dixon, author of the famous Rebel novel, "The Clansman."

THE GOVERNMENT has run into competition in its efforts to purchase guayule rubber in Mexico. An agent of a Chicago candy company is there buying guayule for the manufacture of bubble gum. He has recently signed two contracts calling for a total of 30,000 pounds a month.

HAMILTON FISH is complaining about interference in his campaign by people outside his district. The list of financial contributors to the Fish campaign reveals that of the sixteen persons who gave $25 or more, only one is a member of the Fish constituency.

FIRST AID: The American Red Cross has been acting as an intermediary in the divorce proceedings of a soldier whose military duties prevent him from giving the matter the necessary attention.

ELIZABETH DILLING requests that people who are eager to "maintain our form of government" help to defray the expenses of the defense when she goes on trial for sedition in the fall.

THE LATEST CRITIC of the *Chicago Tribune* is the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* It has exposed as completely false the *Tribune* stories contending that hundreds of soldiers have been killed or made invalids by "faulty vaccines" administered by army doctors.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, may become chairman of a government agency that will coordinate all war relief organizations.

THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR has a section working on post-war planning, but it never uses the term because it is felt that the word "planning" is offensive to most Americans.

UPTON SINCLAIR has written an article for George Seldes's *In Fact* advocating a second front against Hitler. Tired of arguments about the lack of equipment and shipping facilities, Sinclair writes: "I am venturing what may at first seem a strange suggestion: that . . . we move just one division and see what happens to it."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Tacitus Now

BY LIONEL TRILLING

TACITUS has been put to strange uses; the princelings of Italy consulted his "Annals" on how to behave with the duplicity of Tiberius; the German racists, by ignoring all the disagreeable things he observed of their ancestors and by remembering only his praise of their chastity and independence, were able to make his "Germania" their anthropological primer. But these are the aberrations; his influence has mainly been in the service of liberty, as he intended it to be. Perhaps this influence has been most fully felt in France, where, under the dictatorships of the Jacobins and of Napoleon, Tacitus was regarded as a dangerously subversive writer. To America, however, he has never meant a great deal. Of course James Fenimore Cooper is an impressive exception, but Cooper was temperamentally attracted by one of the qualities of Tacitus which probably alienates most American liberals, the aristocratic color of his libertarian ideas. Another reason for our relative indifference to Tacitus is that, until recently, our political experience gave us no ground to understand what he was talking about. Dictatorship and repression, spies and political informers, blood purges and treacherous dissension have not been an accepted part of our political tradition as they have been of Europe's. But Europe has now come very close to us, and our political education of the last few years fits us to understand the historian of Rome.

It is the mark of a great history that sooner or later we become as much aware of the historian as of the events he relates. In reading Tacitus—he is now available in a Modern Library edition with an admirable introduction by Professor Hadas—we are aware of him from the first page: we are aware of him as one of the few great writers who are utterly hopeless. Of his own despair he is always conscious; it is nearly a fault in him, the attitude sometimes verges on attitudinizing. Yet the great fact about Tacitus is that he never communicates his despair to the reader. He must always be telling, he says, of "the merciless biddings of a tyrant, incessant prosecution, faithless friendships, the ruin of innocence, the same causes issuing in the same results," and he complains of "the wearisome monotony" of his subject matter. But the reader never feels the monotony; despite his statements to the contrary, Tacitus has far too much power of mind and too much acuteness of moral sensibility ever to become the victim of what he writes about.

His power of mind is not like that of Thucydides; it is not really political and certainly not military. It is, on a grand scale, psychological. We are irresistibly reminded of Proust when Tacitus sets about creating the wonderful figure of Tiberius and, using a hundred uncertainties and contradictions, tries to solve this great enigma of a man, yet always avoids the solution because the enigma is the character.

Tacitus's notion of history was avowedly personal and moral. "This I regard as history's highest function," he says, "to let no worthy action be uncommemorated, and to hold out the reprobation of posterity to evil words and deeds." This moral preoccupation finds expression in a moral sensibility which is not ours and which in many respects we find it hard to understand. It has often been pointed out that slaves, Christians, Jews, and barbarians are outside the circle of his sympathies; the stoic humanitarianism of Seneca he rather despised. Yet, as he says, half his historical interest is in the discovery of good deeds, and perhaps nothing in literature has a greater impact of astonishment, a more sudden sense of illumination, than the occurrence of a good deed in the pages of his histories. He represents the fabric of society as so utterly loosened that we can scarcely credit the account of any simple human relationship, let alone a noble action—the soldier weeping at having killed his brother in the civil war, or the aristocrats opening their houses to the injured thousands when the great amphitheater fell down, or the fortitude of the freedwoman Epicharis, who, when Piso's enormous conspiracy against Nero was discovered, endured the torture and died implicating no one, "screening strangers and those whom she hardly knew, when freeborn men, Roman knights and senators, yet unscathed by the torture, betrayed, every one, his dearest kinsfolk." Actions like these take place in the midst of a depravity so great that we are always surprised before we are relieved. From these pages we learn really to understand those well-worn lines of Portia's about the beam of the candle, for we learn what Portia meant by a naughty world, literally a world of naught, a moral vacancy so great and black that in it the beam of a candle seems a flash of lightning.

The moral and psychological interests of Tacitus are developed at the cost of what nowadays is believed to be the true historical insight. The French scholar, Boissier, remarks that it is impossible to read the "History" and the "Annals" without wondering how the Roman Empire could possibly have held together through the eighty years of mutiny, infamy, intrigue, riot, expenditure, and irresponsibility they relate. Almost any modern account of the post-Augustan empire is an implicit criticism of Tacitus's methods. Breasted, for example, includes the period from Tiberius to Vespasian in a chapter which he calls The First of Two Centuries of Peace; and Rostovtsev in his well-known work gives us to understand that Rome, despite minor troubles, was a healthy, developing society. Yet Tacitus finds it worthy of comment that a certain man at this time died a natural death—"a rare incident in so high a rank," he says.

It is not, as I gather, that Tacitus lacks veracity; what he lacks is what a few years ago used to be called "the long view." But to minds of a certain kind and sensitivity "the long view" is the falsest historical view of all. It probably never occurred to Tacitus as one of the possible ways of understanding events, but if it had, he would have rejected it. He had no notions of historical development to comfort him; the knowledge that trade with the East was growing or that a more efficient bureaucracy was evolving could not

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have consoled him for the degradation of his class and nation. He wrote out of his feelings of the present, not permitting himself the luxury of supposing that the pains of the present were to be justified by the peace of the distant future.

What for many modern scholars is the vice of history was for Tacitus its virtue; he thought that history should be "literary" and that it should move the minds of men through their feelings. And so he contrived his narrative with the most elaborate attention to its dramatic effects. Yet more than a scrupulous concern for literary form makes Tacitus so impressive in a literary way; some essential poise of his mind allowed him to see events with both passion and objectivity, and one cannot help wondering if the tragic division which his mind had to endure did not reinforce this quality. He hated the Rome of the emperors, and all his feelings were for the vanished republic; yet for the return of the republic he had no hope whatever: "It is easy to commend," he said, "but not to produce; or if it is produced, it cannot be lasting." And so he served the ideal of the republic as historian; the empire, an actuality, he served as praetor, consul, and proconsul and complied with the wishes of the detested Domitian. The more he saw of the actuality, the more he despaired of his ideal—and the more he loved it; it is a rare and hard thing for a man to do, and perhaps this tension of love and despair accounts for the poise and energy of his intellect.

We see this poise and energy in almost all his judgments. For example, he despised the Jews, but he would not repress a wry appreciation of their stubborn courage and an intense admiration for their conception of God. The one phrase of his that everyone knows—"they make a solitude and call it peace"—he put into the mouth of a British barbarian in revolt against Roman rule, and it will always be the hostile characterization of imperialism; yet Tacitus himself measured Roman virtue by imperialistic success. He makes no less than four successive judgments of Otho—scorns him as Nero's courtier and cuckold, admires him as a provincial governor, despises him as emperor, and praises him for choosing to die and end the civil war. Much as he loved the republican character, he knew that its day was past, and he ascribes Galba's fall to his old-fashioned inflexibility in virtue.

The poise and energy of Tacitus's mind manifests itself in his language, and Professor Hadas tells us how much we must lose in translation. Yet even a reader of the translation cannot help being aware of the power of the writing. When Tacitus remarks that Tiberius was "an emperor who feared freedom while he hated sycophancy," or that the name of Lucius Volusius was made glorious by his ninety-three years, his honorable wealth, "and his wise avoidance of the malignity of so many emperors," or that "perhaps a sense of weariness steals over princes when they have bestowed everything, or over favorites when there is nothing left to them to desire," we catch a glimpse of the force of the original because the thought itself is dramatic. Perhaps arrogantly, we wonder if we need the original when Sabinus is being led to his death through the streets and the people flee from his glance, fearing it will implicate them: "Wherever he turned, wherever his words fell, there was flight and solitude"; or when the soldiers undertake to "absolve" themselves of a mutiny by the ferocity with which they slaughter their leaders; or when, in that greatest of street scenes, the debauchees look out of their brothel doors to observe with casual interest the armies fighting for possession of Rome. And it is out of a thousand details such as these that Tacitus compounds his long, subtle chronicles of the characters of the emperors and their relations with their mothers, wives, concubines, and senates. His power of mind and his desperate love of virtue make Tacitus one of the world's great tragic writers. In other hands, the story he tells would be almost insupportable; in his, it is grimly invigorating.

Notes by the Way

IN "Writers in Crisis" (Houghton Mifflin Company, $3) Maxwell Geismar examines the work of six American novelists against the background of social change from 1929 to 1939. In the first section, which to my mind is the best, he presents the gilded age of 1929 and analyzes the achievement and final predicament of Ring Lardner, Successful Author to the very society he satirized. Like so many talented American writers Lardner "just grew." Unlike most of them he achieved great popularity, thanks to his special gifts—his indigenous humor and his genius for appropriating the American language to the uses of literature. His satires also appealed no doubt to that tendency toward self-denigration which has gone hand in hand with our much more advertised and articulate boasting. But to Lardner this popularity was a source only of bitterness because he made the mistake of identifying himself with the society he wrote about and included himself in the contempt he felt for it. And his self-hatred, which Mr. Geismar thoroughly documents, his failure to achieve "the minimum and basic belief in his own significance" kept him from attaining the minimal serenity of detachment which would have mitigated his personal bitterness and given another dimension to his writing. Lardner, in other words, lacked the cultural perspective to recognize his own worth as an important writer who was popular not, as he assumed with masochistic intensity, because he was one more emanation of the crass and brutal world he had the insight to despise but because he worked in and extended a rich indigenous tradition of humor and story-telling.

In one sense Mr. Geismar's book is a study in the cultural perspective of all his subjects. I use the word cultural as it is employed by Constance Rourke, to denote the whole "configuration" of a society. Mr. Geismar's emphasis is on social attitudes but it is the merit of his book that it bears little resemblance to the "Marxist" criticism of a few years ago which was often revealing but in general provided the narrow distorting gleam of a flashlight rather than the clarity of over-all illumination.

Of Mr. Geismar's six authors—Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Wolfe, and Steinbeck are the other five—Dos Passos is the only one who had at the outset any comprehension of the shape of the world he lived in. He has made a consistent advance in knowledge and understanding ever since, and he is today the only one of the six who is culturally adult

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in the same sense as the Flaubert who wrote the "Sentimental Education." The others, including Faulkner, the romantic reactionary, might well be characters in a contemporary American version of that extraordinary book.

Mr. Geismar traces the tortuous snail's progress by which Hemingway and Wolfe arrived at social awareness—the first by way of Paris, the Spanish bull ring, and the African veldt; the second by tunneling with tremendous labor through the autobiographical mountain in his own back yard. Mr. Geismar seems less appalled than I am by the fact that the social awareness even in Hemingway's latest and Wolfe's last book is so elementary—still limited to the emotions and still devoid of any effective sense of history, our own or any other. Steinbeck's social conversion appears to have been relatively quick and painless, thanks no doubt to the fact that it coincided with the popular upsurge of interest in social questions during the thirties, but it is even more mindless, with sentimentality passing for emotion. In "The Grapes of Wrath" he luxuriated in sympathy for the underdog as in a warm bath. His handling of social subjects has remained naive; he has continued to exploit popular social emotions without offering any but the most puerile resolutions.

Yet, as Mr. Geismar says, what the record of Hemingway, Wolfe, and Steinbeck condemns is not so much the intellectual capacity of these individuals as the "deficiency of cultural thinking" which is characteristic of America as a whole. This deficiency shows itself not only in a lack of knowledge, except of the most superficial and often chauvinistic sort, of backgrounds and traditions, but in an almost defiant noninterest, a kind of snobbism in reverse, which denies their importance and their relevance to the present. The result has been to put upon each individual artist the whole burden of his personal and social integration, whereas his European counterpart is in a fair way to have absorbed, by the time he comes of age, a knowledge of his cultural history and setting and a sense of his own relation to it which provide him with confidence and a point of departure for his particular talents.

In the course of his analysis Mr. Geismar gives critical estimates of his subjects from the literary point of view. On this score I think he takes Steinbeck far too seriously. I feel like quarreling also with his judgment of Thomas Wolfe; I am inhibited because, after "Look Homeward, Angel," I was never able to read more than a few pages of anything else. I will say that I find Mr. Geismar persuasive—until the quotations begin. In general his comments are illuminating and mature. He fulfils one important function of the critic that is too often neglected, in providing a frame of social and cultural reference against which to measure the individual accomplishment. And he shows both sense and courage in recognizing and calling by its true name the cultural illiteracy from which the American writer has not been the only one to suffer. Finally, his style is lively, though he often commits sentences which are, to say the least, queer. Item: "The choice is neither limited nor the passages accidental." And sometimes much worse than that: "Under such auspices and surrounded by such companions, Lardner, so he wishes us to believe, and like John Donne having carried his bitterness beyond the grave, passes to his eternal reward."

MARGARET MARSHALL

Democracy Begins at Home

AMERICAN UNITY AND ASIA. By Pearl Buck. The John Day Company. $1.25.

THIS book is a collection of articles and speeches delivered over the last few months and relating to the issues of war and peace in America and Asia. Through them all runs the fundamental idea implied in the title. It is that there is an essential connection between the unity of Americans at home and their attitude toward their colored allies abroad. The argument follows from the premise that we cannot secure the cooperation of the Chinese and the subject peoples of Asia, a cooperation which is essential to the winning of the war, unless we start with democracy at home. So long as we treat the Negroes as a subject people, so long do our protestations of democracy in the Orient fall upon deaf ears, so long do we provide the Japanese propaganda machine with ready-made fuel. The thesis, illustrated by reference to the treatment of American citizens of Japanese ancestry in the United States, by a powerful plea for acceptance of the Negro as a full member of American democracy, goes with the warning that such peoples as the Chinese may not be interested in our war effort if they cannot trust our war aims. The note of warning is tempered by an appeal to the colored peoples in our midst to have further patience, to understand that American democracy admits the principle of democracy even if the practice leaves something to be desired, while the fascist countries deny even the principle.

Miss Buck is doing a very great service by insisting that the relation between white and colored peoples, between ruling races and ruled, is of enormous importance in the war. You cannot be democratic abroad if you are not democratic at home. She has the advantage, not shared by many of her countrymen, of seeing the West through Eastern eyes. One can agree passionately with her attitude without always following her in the reasons she gives for its support. One wonders if the argument is made stronger by the implication that white and ruling, colored and ruled, are synonymous terms. Asia has been as disunited as Europe, and still is. The Anglo-Saxons may be the race snobs of the world but there has been plenty of competition for the honor, and that not limited to Europe. In driving home her point that American democracy must be extended if it is to survive, the author sometimes gets herself into the position of denying to the Anglo-Saxon powers the long struggle for and experience of democracy that is theirs. The English lily may grow on an imperial dunghill, but no one can ignore the political maturity of the English people, whatever he may think of the stupidity of the English ruling class. It was the people which forced the government to take up arms against fascism. Surely it is a little extravagant to say England's history in democracy cannot compare with China's. If so, how do we explain Sun Yat-sen and the nationalist movement? And is it not possible that if freedom is our common war aim the categories of colored and white are not so clear as they are sometimes made out to be? The powerful movement toward democracy in some Asiatic countries might well have to clear away important obstacles within as well as without. Political independence is one thing, democracy is another.

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Miss Buck has raised a banner which must never be furled; she states her case with sincerity, ability, and courage. There is no disagreement with her general attitude, and the reviewer, for one, agrees strongly that when democracy is in danger the answer is not less, but more, democracy. But the issues are so fundamental that they will bear all the discussion of which we are capable. This book may well be the beginning of great changes in public opinion, part of which it already reflects. GEORGE E. TAYLOR

The Great House

BOWEN'S COURT. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

QUEEN ANNE and Georgian houses, from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century, began to go up all over Ireland: whole Palladian towns, projected by the greater landlords, streets and squares in Dublin, and "country seats" in the demesnes. This was the first architecture to take hold, since the Gothic castles and abbeys of the native lords. It has been romanticized (even by Yeats), and in a great measure in our own day, abandoned, neglected, and destroyed. Bowen's Court is one of these houses. Characteristically, it was planned on too large a scale. What these buildings signified was the successful, though destined to be brief in full success, working of the rent (and rack-rent) systems. They were the first signs of the alien ruling caste's getting their hand in, and their leg up. Bowen's Court, "high, bare and Italianate," is of limestone. It still has "the startling, meaning and abstract clearness of a house in a print." In spite of its builder's intention of impressive grandeur, it had isolation built into it, and seeming to look out of it. Such houses, set back on their lawns, still have a provisional look. They also look at bay.

Miss Bowen, writing the history of her family and its house in County Cork, has added a chapter to the not-fully recorded history of the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland. Members of that Ascendancy have written Irish history (Swift, Grattan, and Berkeley through Parnell) and Irish literature (Congreve through Shaw and Yeats). Maria Edgeworth, who influenced both Turgenev and Scott, did acid observations of pre- and post-Union society. The Irish people themselves have recorded their side of the matter not only in print but in action (emigration and the burnings of 1921 and earlier). Miss Bowen's story is of a provincial family, rather "bleak" as she says, and almost pathologically "unhistoric." They did nothing, for or against the country they occupied. They reflected, in a parochial way, the periods they lived through. At the end, in Miss Bowen, they produced an artist of the most sensitive sort; and it is for her sake that we listen attentively to the record she gives of them.

It is perhaps a kind of poetic justice which produced in the "planter" families, from the earliest days, a desire to be Irish. The country worked on them in spite of themselves; in a generation English settlers took on some Irish virtues and were infected with Irish vices. Miss Bowen's ancestor, Colonel Bowen, a Welsh member of Cromwell's army, was granted land after the Cromwellian Irish campaigns. Within a generation, his descendants had taken over enough of "the litigious and encroaching" kind of Irish nature to institute the first of a long series of inter- and extra-family lawsuits which seem to reflect acute nervousness and the suppressed rage of a conquered, not a conquering, class.

And Miss Bowen notes "the kind of Versailles fantasy which came to dominate too many Irish-English people, to cripple their bank accounts and endanger their private lives." The lack of feudal weight was marked. Arthur Young says (1777-1779):

> The landlord of an Irish estate, inhabited by Roman Catholics, is a sort of despot who yields obedience, in whatever concerns the poor, to no law but his own will. A long series of oppressions, aided by very many ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into the habit of exerting a very lofty superiority. . . . Speaking a language that is despised, professing a religion that is abhorred, and being disarmed, the poor find themselves in many cases slaves even in the bosom of *written* liberty. . . .

But the Bowens could not have been the worst of the type. The house was attacked only once, and the family went on, faintly reflecting the world outside. A mild rake was succeeded by a mild absentee. The moral weight of the early nineteenth century, some education (Oxford and Trinity College, Dublin) and "good" marriages, brought in Bowens who led responsible lives. Genteel accomplishments (the harp and the piano) came in. Miss Bowen's grandfather, filled with Victorian mania for success, installed machinery and work-hours, as well as a revived system of rack-renting of his own. Her father reacted "in all ways against his father's success regime." A lawyer, a scholar, and a partial absentee, he lived for long periods in Dublin. Nervous, restless, often ill, Miss Bowen shows him walking the Dublin street, . . . sitting in a tearoom "always, from some inherited landlord instinct, with his back against a wall."

The interests, literary and political, of other Irish estates—Coole (Lady Gregory) and Lissadell (Eva Gore-Booth and Countess Markiewcz) during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—passed Bowen's Court by. But when Miss Bowen inherited the house, she was already a writer. The house was now a shell and a luxury. Spared from burning, the conditions which had produced it had been defeated. Miss Bowen's description of its present state, bare and open to the Irish weather, can touch us with a pathos which is inherent in monuments of even the most cruel despotism, once it has passed. For these are signs that such rule cannot last. Bowen's Court, ironically enough, has become a symbol, to its present owner, of peace in war-time, and a kind of reconciliation.

Miss Bowen's straight historical sections are rather stiff. What she has accomplished is something more subtle: a sympathetic picture of a class often denigrated beyond its entire deserts, and the results, in human character, of their really tragic isolation. She is, occasionally, slightly blind to the implications of the story. To her, as to Yeats in his old age, power is better when linked up to the idea of property. Disaster, to her mind, comes when power operates "in a void." This is an attitude held over from the past of which Miss Bowen so sensitively speaks. The future will know that not to *love* power is the essential thing. LOUISE BOGAN

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Essays in Appreciation

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM AND RESEARCH. By Geoffrey Tillotson. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

THOUGH the research in these essays is exact and extensive, the criticism is very disappointing. Mr. Tillotson is a man who has a great deal more to tell about literature than he has to say. He is a scholarly man with a delicate literary sense—he would once have been described as a bookish man—and with a minor turn for style. He is drawn to the past by a very strong pull of temperament, and perhaps by a very weak sense of life; in any case, it strikes me that he merely rationalizes when he makes the traditional plea that a knowledge of the past adds to one's understanding of the present. In any living sense, he doesn't think in terms of history at all; it is sources, echoes, allusions, affinities—of words, lines, poems, books—that really stir his blood and quicken his scent. These things he hunts down with a gusto that saves him from being a pedant and turns him into a kind of detective. He appreciates art, but he dotes on bric-a-brac. He admires design, but he treasures detail. The type is recurrent, if indeed in England it is not continuous: the tenuously witty, faintly mannered, highly literary, almost precious, not quite trivial academic. It keeps its own sense of proportion, just as a microscope does. But it ignores the values that go with real criticism.

Mr. Tillotson can write of Bacon, Pope, Shenstone, William Morris, Ernest Dowson and others—a heterogeneous enough crew—without managing to say anything memorable, or even new, or always pertinent. One agreeably suggestive idea is sometimes enough to keep a whole essay in motion. In the case of Dowson there is really no idea at all. In virtually every case, there is a sort of literary analysis which must not be confused with aesthetic criticism, even though Mr. Tillotson's responses are often of an aesthetic sort. The phenomenon is hardly unprecedented, and occurs whenever appreciation tries to do the work of appraisal. But the dominant quality in these essays is one of scholarship, and sometimes of mere scholarly tabulation. Thus we are told that Dryden's verbs "are habitually more energetic than those of any other poet." This is perfectly true, but is no more than an academic way of stating the obvious—that Dryden's *poetry* is habitually more energetic than almost any other poet's. Again, we are told that "Pope saw more in insects than any other poet except Gray." But we are not told why. The fact is merely noted as one of Pope's claims to be a "nature poet"; whereas what gives it point, and saves it from being the sort of discovery proclaimed in the usual Ph.D. thesis, is that it exactly satisfies an artistic need in Pope, suiting both the scale and the waspishness of his satire. Mr. Tillotson's whole approach to Pope (and Pope is probably the writer he is best equipped to write about) seems to me provincial, belated, almost naive: he assumes that, even today, people must violently take sides about Pope, that Pope still needs a kind of defiant defense, and that the special excellences of his verse need special pointing out. And Mr. Tillotson is certainly capable of some odd reactions. In contending that Pope's hatreds have been overemphasized

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as a source of his inspiration, he suggests that pity is often the mainspring, as in

"Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

Well, Pope himself certainly did not weep; on the contrary, he did his almighty best to prove that Atticus *was* he. Which is not to deny, however, that Pope could show pity on occasion.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Influence of the Quakers

THE HISTORY OF QUAKERISM. By Elbert Russell. The Macmillan Company. $3.

JOHN WOOLMAN: AMERICAN QUAKER. By Janet Whitney. Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

THERE is an ironical though probably an unintended timeliness in the appearance of these two books, both concerned with the western world's foremost advocates of peace. One of them tells the intricate and fascinating story of the Society of Friends from the time when George Fox set forth on his youthful wanderings, just three hundred years ago, down to the outbreak of this our war. The other presents the worth and wisdom of Quakerism in their most perfect American example. Taken together, the two books make sad reading just now. They are a most poignant reminder of the gulf that yawns between our human ideals and our performance.

The gentle and wholly beneficent life of John Woolman has long been vaguely familiar to students of American literature. To the knowledge of the man that we have hitherto been able to deduce from his own writings Mrs. Whitney has now added a great wealth of detail, drawing upon sources of information that are not easily accessible. Her account of Woolman is marred by occasional lapses into sentimentality and by a tendency to underestimate the intelligence of her probable readers, but these minor flaws do not seriously detract from her success in painting a solid and authentic portrait.

Professor Russell's book, a triumph in the art of literary condensation, lives up to its exacting title. In less than six hundred pages it presents a great range of persons and events while also outlining all the main ideas, philosophic and mystical and social, that have actuated Quakerism from its seventeenth-century beginnings. Now that it exists, one realizes that there has long been a need for such a book.

Perhaps because he is himself a Quaker, Professor Russell writes with a quietness that does not always indicate the full significance of the events he is narrating or that of the ideas with which he deals. Indeed one is sometimes left in doubt whether he himself quite comprehends their full significance and value. Thus, in an otherwise ample discussion of the "Hicksite Separation" of 1827-1828, he suggests that the growth of democratic ideals within the Society was due to external events such as the American Revolution and to the thought of outsiders such as Locke and Jefferson. And yet it is clear even from his own account that the basic notions of democracy had been implicit in the lives and doctrines of the Friends from the time of Fox himself. Indeed one may assert that Quakerism owes less to democracy than democracy owes to it. Again, although Professor Russell has spent much time upon the numerous private "journals" in which the Quakers of early days set down their religious experience, he does not suggest that these productions gave the cue to the more literary journal-writers of the nineteenth century. The many remarkable tangencies between Quaker thought and "Transcendentalism" never lead him to mention William Ellery Channing, Bronson Alcott, or Ralph Waldo Emerson, all of whom leaned more heavily upon the Friends than they ever acknowledged—or, it may be, realized.

But Professor Russell has not attempted to write a full discussion of Quaker influence upon the outer world. Such a discussion would make a book perhaps as interesting and valuable as the present one, but certainly much longer. It would deal with stages in the development of democratic theory that have been strangely neglected. It would take us back to the beginnings of the struggle for women's rights. It would show that the anti-slavery movement and our long and tragic effort toward international pacification are as old as Quakerism itself.

The fact is, as Professor Russell's history shows, that the influence of the Quakers has been amazingly more extensive during the last three centuries than their numbers would seem to warrant. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that they have usually been somewhat withdrawn from the world's work, reluctant in speech and action, and anxious never to "out-run the Guide." Their organization has been loose, their theology has been vague, they have never had an official leadership, and seldom have they made a concerted effort to increase their numbers. When all this is considered it becomes clear that the work they have done must have been based upon something solidly true in their fundamental principles.

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IN BRIEF

DESERT WAR. By Russell Hill. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

Victory in the North African desert has proved elusive. Both sides have more than once seen it clearly on the horizon but it turned out to be a mirage. This book is an account of the second British advance in late 1941 when General Auchinleck's Eighth Army swept forward from the Egyptian border to the edge of Tripolitana and was then forced to retreat nearly back to where it came from—all in little over two months. Russell Hill of the *Herald Tribune,* the baby of the war correspondents corps—he is only twenty-three—kept close to the fighting through most of the campaign and his story is detailed and straightforward, although written without especial distinction. He makes very clear the peculiar difficulties of desert warfare in which decisive results can only be achieved by total destruction of the enemy force. But this feat is made next to impossible by the vast empty spaces of the battlefield which inhibit all attempts at envelopment. Some excellent maps and pictures greatly increase the value of this book.

THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Avery Craven. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

This unbiased and well-written study carries a step farther the trend of recent historians to show that the Civil War was far from inevitable. Slavery is analyzed as a labor system, and the South is shown to have divided naturally into three regions until the triumph of the Republican Party in 1860 helped to fuse the Southwest and the Border States with the Old South in a struggle to preserve an institution by then seen as "peculiar." Emotions of various origins distorted the situation until the final breakup occurred.

MUSIC

BEETHOVEN'S Eighth Symphony is a work for the Russians to think about and learn from. The thing to consider is the buoyancy, joyousness, and exuberant playfulness embodied in the work, and their complete lack of connection with the turmoil of Beethoven's daily life at the time he was writing it—the turmoil created by his attempts to break up the intimacy between his brother Johann and Therese Obermayer. And the thing to learn is that the relation between Beethoven's artistic functioning and his experience was not immediate and direct: his articulateness in his medium related itself to an inner core of personal qualities, emotions, insights, which were in turn what were altered and developed by his experience—and not by every daily occurrence, but only by experiences that were relevant to what was developing deep inside him. When that inner development had produced the emotions and attitudes indicated by the Eighth Symphony they pressed for expression in the music of this symphony, unaffected by the external turmoil that was irrelevant to them. Earlier too it was such emotions and insights—concerned now with the heroism which Beethoven himself had developed and learned to know in the face of disaster—that operated through his articulateness in his medium to produce the "Eroica" Symphony, fortified this time by events and ideas outside which were relevant. If there had been no French Revolution and no Napoleon there would have been no torn-up dedication, but there would have been the same "Eroica" Symphony.

Ernest Newman once made much the same point about Mozart, citing the striking differences in the three symphonies which Mozart wrote in approximately two months of the summer of 1788—the last great symphonies in E flat, G minor, and C major—as evidence of the fact that "the creative imagination of a great artist functions too deep down within him to be greatly affected by anything that may happen on the surface of his life or his being. The subconscious is of much more importance in the artist than the conscious; and the subconscious proceeds by its own mysterious inner chemistry and obeys its own mysterious laws. . . . Mozart the man was uniformly wretched throughout the whole of this period; the changes in the moods of the three works were due simply to changes in his aesthetic chemistry with which the experiences of his conscious mind had the minimum of connection."

All this deserves the attention and thought of the Russians who have been over-excited about the relation of art to the conditions—the political and social order, the prevailing ideas and emotional atmosphere—of its time and place, and over-eager to exhibit to the world a music that would show its immediate and direct relation to these conditions in Russia today. By giving so much importance to these external conditions they have created this difficulty for themselves—that it is a Hapsburg Austria from which we have got the music of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, and a Soviet Russia from which we get only the music of Shostakovitch. They can escape this difficulty only by recognizing the unimportance of those external conditions in relation to the greatness we are aware of in some music, the importance of the composer's personal and musical resources, the relation of the external conditions to what is quite unimportant in the music. Mozart's time and place are represented in his writing by certain characteristics of emotional content and musical language and style that are to be found in the writing of hundreds of his contemporaries; what is unique in his music represents what is uniquely his in resources of emotion and medium; and it is such resources in Beethoven that produced the music which a hundred others living in the same time and place did not produce. Recognizing all this the Russians may relax their pressure on their composers to write, for all to hear, as Artists of the Soviet Union—recognizing further that this freedom will not cause a facile-minded, pretentious Shostakovitch to write anything better than he has been writing, but will permit a man of greater stature, when he does appear in Russia, to produce the music he is capable of.

What made me think of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was the arrival of Victor's July recording of Toscanini's performance with the N. B. C. Symphony (Set 908, $3.68). As a form in sound the performance has the characteristics that are distinctive and marvelous in every Toscanini performance. As an embodiment of the work's content it is no less marvelous; and I have heard the first three movements played with comparable effect by other conductors, but never the finale as it is played by Toscanini. On these records the sound of the performance is enveloped in the acoustical deadness that enveloped his recorded performance of the "Eroica"; but the sound itself is very good this time; and in addition the breaks in the apparently continuous performance are skilfully managed and there are no long waits at the beginnings of sides (a momentary sag in pitch on the second side must however be mentioned). Music, performance, and recording combine to make this one of the great sets of the year.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Shipley's York Plan

Dear Sirs: In your editorial, Nelson's Fourth Try, in the issue of July 25, you have inadvertently done an injustice to your readers and to at least one important member of the Smaller War Plants Corporation. You said: "Of the five men picked by Nelson for the job, four are nonentities."

What are the facts? One of these four men is Mr. William S. Shipley, chairman of the Board of the York Ice Machinery Corporation of York, Pennsylvania. Have you ever heard of the York plan of contract distribution and plant utilization? It was Mr. Shipley and his able associates who were instrumental in mobilizing the entire industrial community of York, of pressing into service every bit of machinery found within a radius of many miles of their town for the all-out war effort. And this has been going on ever since 1940, long before we entered the actual fight. From all over the country men have traveled to York to study the plan.

As a former Department of Labor investigator, I can testify to the spirit of good fellowship which has been the established tradition of the York Ice Machinery Corporation, the spirit which has moved Mr. Shipley to bring about complete mobilization of men and tools for the war effort.

Not content with his contribution within the York community, Mr. Shipley has tramped the length and breadth of the country, at his own expense and at great risk to his health, lecturing before eager listeners on the work in York. In a day when one needs only to announce a plan, sit home and see the press agents turn out reams of releases to herald the new great hero and patriot, this Mr. William S. Shipley has dared to go about his business without a press agent, without publicity. Maybe that is why even *The Nation* has overlooked his achievements.

To criticize Mr. Nelson for the manner in which he has launched the Smaller War Plants Corporation is unwarranted. It has come into existence without extravagant prophecies as to what it would accomplish. That is as it should be. Let the public learn of its usefulness through actual deeds and not through press agents. Neither can I see anything wrong with Mr. Nelson's choice of men for service on the Board whose names have not yet appeared in headlines. We have had enough of those men. The real work of the nation is being done by men whose names might never appear in the news columns. That is no indication that they lack the qualifications to do their job well.

J. ANTHONY MARCUS

Washington, D. C., August 2

Twain and Whitman

Dear Sirs: Perhaps some of the readers of *The Nation* could help me determine whether Mark Twain and Walt Whitman ever met. In all Twain's published writings there is just one mention of the poet—the letter printed in Horace Traubel's "Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman," Philadelphia, 1889. If they never met it is all the more surprising because they both spent the winter of 1868 in Washington, D. C., Clemens as private secretary to Senator William R. Stewart and Whitman as clerk in the Treasury Department. Exhaustively interviewed while visiting his brother Thomas Jefferson Whitman in St. Louis, October, 1879, Whitman gave his opinions of such contemporaries as J. G. Holland, Bret Harte, and "fops like Howells," but remained strangely silent about the great Missourian. In short, if the two men did meet, neither must have considered the encounter worthy of subsequent comment!

CYRIL CLEMENS

Webster Groves, Mo., August 10

Italian Behavior

Dear Sirs: Writing in *The Nation* of August 1 on the unfairness of those who expect the Italians to revolt against fascism without delay in order to regain the respect of the world, M. T. Maestro, Italian News Editor, Columbia Broadcasting System, says: "I think that the Italians already deserve the respect of the world because, in spite of having been poisoned for twenty years by a fascism which has been kept alive and prosperous by the reactionaries of the whole world, they have behaved in this war as a civilized people."

Mr. Maestro should be more explicit. What Italians have behaved in this war as a civilized people? Fourteen months ago the Italian army, jointly with the German Nazi hordes, brutally attacked and subjugated the Slovenes, together with the rest of the Yugoslavs, and ever since this unhappy people has been subjected to mass-murder, pillage, and suppression of their language. Perhaps Mr. Maestro would think this Slovenia "incident" should be taken lightly because the Slovene people is one of the smallest in the world and matters little, and because those Slovenes who defend themselves, their wives and children, are called "bandits" and "communists" by their Italian exterminators. But the Slovenes want to live in the land which has been theirs for more than a thousand years, and no honest man who believes in democracy and justice can reproach their resistance.

I wish some honest, democratic Italian in America—and I know there are many such—would speak up and condemn these crimes; I wish some honest and courageous Italian, like Gaetano Salvemini, would tell openly in the American press that those Italians, who are guilty of the mass-terror in Slovenia and elsewhere, behave no better than the German Nazis do and that they merit the same punishment.

IVAN MOLEK, Editor,
Slovene Daily Prosveta

Chicago, Ill., August 3

CONTRIBUTORS

DALE KRAMER has contributed to *Harpers*, the *Survey Graphic*, and other magazines.

SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS is on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News*.

LIONEL TRILLING, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is the author of "Matthew Arnold."

GEORGE E. TAYLOR is at present associated with the Institute of Pacific Relations. He is the author of "America in the New Pacific" and other books.

LOUISE BOGAN, poetry critic of the *New Yorker*, is the author of "Poems and New Poems."

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the author of "Kings and Desperate Men: Life in Eighteenth-Century England."

ODELL SHEPARD, professor of English at Trinity College and lieutenant governor of Connecticut, won the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1937.

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